

and besides the vocative is not much used. I have not been able to discover the number of inflections of the Russian adjective. My first count was a hundred and thirty-four. My conscience insisted on a recount, but when I reached two hundred and eighty I gave up in despair. I am willing to confess that in this puzzling labyrinth I may have doubled on my tracks, but my curiosity has not been strong enough to solve the riddle.

And the pronoun—what a terror it must be to a Chinaman trying to cultivate friendly relations with the Russians in Manchuria! In Chinese one word (*ta*) answers for "he," "his," "him," "she," "hers," "her," "it" and "its," and may also be used for "they," "their," "theirs" and "them." The "richness" of the Russian may be inferred from the fact that the Russian pronoun for "he" has six inflections, besides six for the corresponding plural. "She" has twelve inflections, and "it" also twelve. "My" has eighteen.

There is only one bright spot in Russian grammar. The verb is short on cases. You can say "I love," "I loved" and "I shall love" in Russian, but not "I have loved," "I had loved" or "I shall have loved." To express those ideas it is only necessary to resort to some circumlocution that requires twice the mental effort of a regular verbal form.

Joe, the Parrot

JOE is an African gray parrot, the pet of a family in New Haven, Conn. Living not far from Yale university, Joe has learned to cry the college yell. Once an interviewer of Joe received answers to questions as follows:

"Good morning, Joe."
"Ah there; what's your name?"
"Shake hands." He did so, and said:
"Pretty well, huh? How'd'ee do?"
"I'm all right; are you feeling well?"
"Poor little Joe, he sick!"
"Can I do anything for you?"
"Joe wants a doctor."
"You look sad."
"Old Grimes is dead."
"Have you eaten?"
"Joe wants more seeds."
"Do you feel a draft?"
"Shut the door; be a good boy."
"Did you ever see a football game?"
"Rah, rah, rah, Yale! Hip, hip, hurrah!"
"You've heard of Joe Choate?"
"What's the matter with Joe? Joe tells lies."
Of course the parrot was talking about himself, but the reply sounded shocking, nevertheless.
"Do you feel clean?"
"Joe wants a bath. Wash your feet, Polly."
"What are your views on love?"
"Kiss me quick; be a good boy."
"Is this the way you behave?"
"Joe's a good boy."
"Well, I must be going now; good-by."
"Good-by; walk right out; shut the door."

Dyspepsia

and other stomach troubles quickly relieved and in most cases surely cured by the use of

Glycozone

This scientific germicide is **absolutely harmless**; it subdues the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, and by removing the cause, effects a cure.

Used and recommended by leading physicians. Take no substitute and see that each bottle bears my signature. Trial size, \$1.00, at druggists or by mail, from

Prof. Charles H. Thacker

Dept. R. 63, Prince St. - New York.
Send for Booklet How to Treat Diseases.

The Poor Man's Burden

(With Apologies to Mr. Kipling)

By William J. Lampton

Take up the poor man's burden—
Those are obliged, who can,
To strengthen and encourage
Their weaker brother-man;
God knows why he is weaker,
Why he should still be down,
While others, no more worthy,
Put on the victor's crown.

Take up the poor man's burden,
No matter though you know,
With all your best endeavor,
You cannot make him grow
Beyond the narrow confines
That Fate has cast him in—
What you may do for fathers
May help the sons to win.

Take up the poor man's burden—
Deprived of power and pelf,
Held fast in toil's hard tether,
He may not help himself;
His days are days of labor
Which call for nights of sleep;
He has no time to harvest
The little he may reap.

Take up the poor man's burden—
His spirit may be dull,
And years of blinded effort
Have made impossible
To him the wider vision;
But lead him to the light,
And let him see the morning
That drives away the night.

Take up the poor man's burden—
The millions that remain
Always dumb, driven cattle
Upon the lower plane
Are heartened by the spirit
Of brotherhood, and they
Toil on with hope before them
To lead them up the way.

Take up the poor man's burden—
In all that he must bear
Of struggle and privation
You have a certain share,
Because the best among us
Of rich and strong and great,
In public life, or private,
Have sprung from low estate.

Take up the poor man's burden—
It does not add to yours,
It does not make you poorer
To share with him your stores—
The spirit of uplifting,
The word of God to man—
That stamps him with approval
Who does the best he can.

Take up the poor man's burden—
Make him to see and know
That all men have their burdens,
And God has made it so
That by His own division
Of earthly gain and loss
His children may remember
The lesson of the Cross.

A Tenderfoot in the Mountains

By Josephine Hepburn

IT was a big, muscular fellow who stood in the door of the hotel on the foothills of the Rockies and looked far away into the wilderness of sublimity above and beyond him. There was Mount Bross with its immense dome covered with snow that glittered in the sunlight like a crown of pearl. Just beyond Mount Lincoln reared a rugged side, and then the other side of the river old Silver Heel's reached far away in dim and ashen heights which had never been polluted by the touch of man.

There was gold in the mountains, and the sturdy miners, brave and big-hearted, were facing hardship and suffering in the attempt to win it from the reluctant veins of the hills. Perry Oliver was there to examine a property which had a goodly fame in the East, but the journey seemed like a hard one as he looked through the clear atmosphere to the peak where the mine was located. "It seems to me like a hard trip," he said uneasily, as he looked at Mrs. Adams, the faithful head of the business house.

"Yes, it's a bit of trip," she answered, "but Mr. Meade often took it when he was here."

"Well, if George Meade can do it, I can. We were boys together, and I always was the best man. I am a little older than he, but I know very well that I am the best man yet."

So he hurried around, and finding his faithful gun, which was a trifle heavy, set out upon a mountain tramp.

How fresh and clear the morning seemed! In the east there was a veritable sea of mountains so far away that they resembled islands of pearl in seas of azure. A moment later the rising sun kissed their white peaks with tints of rose and amethyst, while far away in the west another snowy range still gleamed in purest white.

Oliver stepped blithely through the light summer growth of the hills, while around him the wild roses clung to the very edges of the rocks, sometimes with stems only an inch or two in length, but filling all of the thin woods with their fragrance. Here and there were clumps of the wild columbine, whose graceful, blue blossoms swung airily upon their tall stems. The wild strawberry looked

up from its place beside a sparkling stream, and a little farther on a graceful deer bounded away through the bushes. With a hunter's instinct he drew the gun to his shoulder, but fortunately he was too late, and the beautiful creature bounded lightly away.

Soon he passed the timber line, and struck the barren mountain-side. The air, which had stimulated him like wine, was constantly growing lighter, and he began to feel exceedingly weary. The long-looked-for resting place seemed as far away as when he started; his gun was never so heavy before. But he struggled bravely on, with shortened breath and heavier limbs. "How in the world did George Meade ever make this trip?" he muttered.

Onward and upward he went. The Abington properties were two miles straight up from sea level, besides being a few miles to the west. Often he was compelled to lie at full length on the mountain-side to recover his breath and such strength as he might still claim.

After a long time he struggled into the miner's cabin at the top only to find it deserted for the time being. Throwing himself into a bunk he rested for a few hours, then tried to find something to eat. Bread and bacon rewarded his search, but his enthusiasm for the examination of the tunnel was gone; his only thought was to get back to the comfortable house as soon as possible.

Down the long climb he went, still resting at frequent intervals. The far-away mountains appealed to him in vain. The roses bloomed unseen and wasted their fragrance upon the thin air; he saw no beauties now.

It was dark when he struggled into the house, exhausted and faint. Mrs. Adams came to offer him some refreshments; and he said: "I don't see how in the world George Meade ever made that trip."

"Oh," she answered lightly, "he always took a horse!"

MR. GATES' PRIVATE CAR

WHEN John W. Gates was preparing for his western trip recently he thought that it would be rather nice to make the journey in a private car, so he

How to Cure a Burn

Apply Pond's Extract, the old family doctor. It will reduce the inflammation immediately. Beware of ordinary witch hazel—wood alcohol and water will simply add to your suffering. Pond's Extract relieves a burn, cures sunburn, heals a wound, stops pain of any kind, because it's the pure extract of hamamelis, a remedy known to physicians for 60 years. There is nothing just the same or just as good as Pond's Extract. It costs a little more, but it CURES.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrappers.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL
without a cent deposit and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on every bicycle. Any wheel not satisfactory returned at our expense.

Highest Grade 1904 Models	\$8.75 to \$17
Coaster Brakes, 18" dished pneumatic proof tires and best equipment.	
1903 & 1904 Models	\$7 to \$12
Best Makes	
500 Second-Hand Wheels	
All makes & Models	\$3 to \$8
Good as new	
Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost.	

EARN A BICYCLE taking orders from sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make large profits. Write at once for catalogues and our special offer. **AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, Sewing Machines, Sundries, etc.** half's usual prices.

HEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 259 & Chicago

Rest and Health to Mother and Child.
Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, and PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Windlow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"OPERA STORIES" Tells the plots of eighteen of the most popular Grand Operas. Sent postpaid for 25 Cents by publisher.
M. E. GREENE, 1616 Boylston Building, CHICAGO

went to the yards, looked over the stock and selected one to his purpose.

"What name shall we give it?" asked the man who was showing him about.

"Oh, I guess we'll call it 'The Magnet,'" replied Mr. Gates.

"Why didn't I see that car on the trip?" said Mr. Gates later when asked the question. "It was all ready, our baggage was on board, and I was just about to step into the car when I noticed the name. The intelligent painter had made it 'The Magnate,' and that seemed a little too ostentatious, even for me. We did not have time to have it painted out, and so I took the next best car in the yards and made the trip in that."

First-Class Hotels and Clubs, on Wheels—The Through Trains of . . . The New York Central.